

# THE YPSI-SEM



Vol. 3

FEBRUARY, 1913

No. 5



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# The Upsi-Sem

VOL. 3

YPSILANTI, MICH., FEBRUARY, 1913

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## L I T E R A R Y

### *Rescued by Sig-Wah*

"Grandma, will you tell me a story? It is so lonely today, and there is nothing to do. I can't go outdoors and play because it is raining; and I can't play in the kitchen, for the cook is so busy. So you see you'll just have to tell me a story, Grandma, dear, a real story about the Indians. I love to hear about them and you know so much about them, too."

So the gray-haired old lady took her little granddaughter on her lap, and told her this story.

"Many years ago, when your grandma was a little, girl, and the country was covered with woods, and inhabited by wild animals and Indians, there lived in a little clearing, a family by the name of Sanspaugh.

"They had two children, Horace, aged ten, and Mildred, seven. Their home was not beautiful, but it was cozy, and the children liked it as well as though it had been a beautiful palace. Through the clearing flowed a great river, very dangerous on account of its swift current.

"One day, when the children were playing in the yard, Mildred was sulky and cross, because, as she said, there wasn't anything to play. Just then their father came out of the house with an axe over his shoulder and a lunch basket on his arm, and when Mildred saw him, she cried out, "Oh, Horace! let's ask father if we can't go with him to the woods today." Their father said they might, if they would be good and not bother him; so after running into the house to tell their mother, in a few seconds they returned with their hats.

On the way to the woods they had to cross the river, and when they came to the bank, they begged their father to let them stay and

play awhile. It was great fun, riding in the little birch-bark canoe that was fastened to a stake on the bank; but, alas! while they were jumping and playing, the rope broke, and the little canoe with the two frightened children was soon rushing swiftly down the stream. They screamed and cried for help, but no help came. On and on they sped, farther and farther from their home. Mildred had become so frightened by this time that she threw herself into the bottom of the canoe and covered her face with her apron, sobbing. Her brother tried to quiet her, but she was so hysterical he could do nothing with her. He attempted to steer the little boat toward the shore, by using his hands for paddling, but the current was too strong, and the surface was becoming rougher the farther on they sped; and once, when coming around a bend, they barely missed being dashed to pieces against the rocks. A deer that was drinking along the shore was frightened by their approach, and dashed into the thick woods. On, on, on—would they never stop? Poor Horace was by this time so tired, that he gave up in despair—and what was that roaring sound? Could it be the falls, those dreadful falls his father had told him of so many times? He fell on his knees beside his sobbing sister, and prayed to the Lord to save them. Louder and louder sounded the roar. Maybe, if he screamed, some one in the woods might hear him, so he shouted for help with all his might, and in answer to his cry, a tall painted Indian in feathers and beads, came rushing out of the woods, and leaping into the river, after a desperate struggle, succeeded in stopping the canoe on the very edge of the



rapids; and soon, a fainting girl, and a boy too tired to speak, were safe on the sand.

The Indian had been on a long hunting trip, and was just returning to his wigwam, When he heard their screams. After Mildred regained consciousness, the Indian took her in his arms, and Horace, stumbling along by his side, tried to tell his rescuer all about their adventure; but the red man could not understand a word. In a short time they came to his wigwam.

When Mr. Sanspaugh had finished his work, and was ready to eat his dinner, he went to get the children; but they were nowhere to be seen, and the canoe was gone. The piece of rope dangling from the stake told him what must have happened. How could he tell their mother?

In a short time all the neighbors within five miles were searching everywhere, but nothing was found of the missing children.

Mildred and Horace lived quite happily with the Indians, though regretting their home and parents. They soon become accustomed to the food, and were not long in learning to understand the language, and to speak it quite well.

After many years with the Indians, Horace became restless, and prepared to go on a long hunting trip, hoping to find his home; and although he dreaded to leave his sister, he would not take her from the Indians, whom she had learned to love.

At the end of many days' travel, always keeping to the edge of the river, the brother, one evening came into a little clearing; and as he was preparing his supper, the place began to seem very familiar. Could it be possible he was near his home? He wondered what his mother would say if she should see him in his Indian dress. Then the terrible thought that she might be dead came—for he had been gone nine years.

Everything was so familiar. There was the river and the bridge—the same bridge he had crossed with his little sister that bright sunny morning. There was the old stake where the boat had been tied!—and what was that? A sweet, clear voice came to him through the twilight. It was his mother's voice singing a song she had sung to him in childhood days. How natural it all seemed! He was a boy again, back in his old home. He crossed the bridge with hastening steps, and soon in the doorway, he saw his gray-haired mother.

When she saw a big tall Indian come striding toward her, she screamed, and in a second his father was by her side, his gun raised. Then Horace cried out that he was their lost son. They would not believe him at first, but after awhile they could see it was really he, and welcomed him with tears; and when they asked about his sister, he told how she would rather stay with the Indians but that she would come home sometimes to visit. And there on the doorstep, Horace had to tell the whole story to his rejoicing parents; how the rope had broken, and they had been carried miles and miles down the stream, and how they were rescued by the brave Indian, Gig-Wah."

"Oh, Grandma, that is a grand story. Is it all true?"

"Yes, darling."

"Did Horace live with his mother and father always?"

"Yes, he lived with them always."

"And what became of Mildred, Grandma, dear?"

"Oh, she married an Indian chief, and lived happily ever after."

"Well, it has stopped raining, I guess I will go outdoors and play, but I will never forget your story, Grandma."

JESSIE CLEMO, '16.

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## *How Billy Went to War*

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My story opens in a little town of western Illinois, on the Mississippi, in the early nineties. The young people of the place had organized a club which they called "The Blackhawk Society," and had a peculiar call or whistle, with which they greeted each other on the

street. Whenever Blackhawk met Blackhawk, the call was exchanged.

At about this time, a company of the Naval Reserves was formed in the town, and practically every boy of suitable age joined. They held drills and target-practise, and on Holidays



paraded through the streets. This was especially pleasing to the patriotic young chief-gunner of the company, Will Satterlee. He was a queer fellow, of uncertain age, with a slightly weazened face and figure. He lived with his widowed mother in a cottage on the outskirts of town, and being of a most cheerful and sympathetic nature, was popular among the other boys, who never addressed him except as "Billy." He was a member of the Blackhawks as well as the Naval Reserves, and was present at the entertainments, functions and celebrations of both organizations.

And now came the Spanish-American War. The Naval Reserves were at once called to the front. At the prospect of going to war, none was more excited, none more enthusiastic, than Billy. He could think and talk of nothing else. With the rest, he submitted himself to a physical examination, never suspecting that he was not in the best of health, so when the news came that he must be excluded on account of a "tobacco heart," his grief and disappointment knew no bounds. No longer the old, cheerful Billy, he became morose, and his spirit seemed broken. He did not even go to the train to witness his comrades' departure. To the townspeople, this gloom on Billy's face was new and strange, and they pitied him, though rejoicing for his mother's sake that he had been left at home.

Then, one day, Billy was missing. Nor was he seen the next day, nor the next. In fact he had completely disappeared. Most persons surmised that he had drowned himself for grief,

but his old mother, who knew him better, was least troubled of all.

It is early morning; the wharves at Mobile are deserted save for two or three men lounging on the cotton-bales. One of these, a slightly weazened lad of uncertain age, gazes wistfully out across the bay. There is a speck on the horizon and the boy watches as it approaches, slowly and with evident difficulty. At last it takes the form of a steam tug and the watcher's interest grows as she nears. She is badly battered. A short distance from shore she comes to a stop, and a boat is hastily lowered, manned, and rowed ashore. At the wharf a young officer disembarks and starts with a rapid gait toward the town. On sight of the officer, the lad on the dock crouches, trembling with excitement, behind a bale, and a moment later a peculiar whistle rises, clear and shrill upon the morning air. The officer stops suddenly and the whistle is repeated. Yes, there can be no doubt, it is the old Blackhawk call. The officer replies to it and few seconds later the two comrades are shaking hands vigorously. It is needless to say that, by fair means or foul, Billy went to war after that, and it may be well to add that this is a true story. Billy barred from the realization of his greatest ambition, and unwilling to remain in the town that had been the scene of his disappointment, had gone south to be nearer the comrades from whom he had been separated, and by a strange coincidence, had arrived in Mobile only a few hours before the steam-tug "Leyden," Ensign Hewitt in charge, arrived in haste from Cuba, after having undergone heavy fire in passing Moro Castle.

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## *How He Saved the Race*

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Robert Drake was a third classman at the Annapolis Naval Academy. The last game of hockey had been played on Saturday. The next Monday the following notice was found on the gymnasium door:

ALL OUT FOR CREW!

MEET

AT 4:00 P. M.

IN THE GYM

In the weeks that followed, Drake spent much of his spare time practising on the row-

ing machines, with hopes of gaining a place on the Varsity crew. His chances were small and this being only his second year at the Academy he should not feel disappointed if he could not win his place. Nevertheless, he never failed in doing his best when at practise. One day Hunt, the captain of the crew, stopped beside the machine, where Robert was rowing, and watched him. After a few seconds of silence, he said, "You're doing fine, Drake; you have a good chance of making the crew."



Drake beamed with happiness, and continued with great eagerness the hard pull at the oar.

A few weeks after this bit of conversation, the men were given their places in the shells, number seven oar on the second crew, falling to Drake. He felt a little disappointment settle on him, and then disappear, for he was aware of a sort of happiness flowing through his veins as he took his place for the first time.

Weeks came and went; each one finding Drake on the second crew, working with utmost zeal, and still in hopes.

It was on Saturday, during the visiting hour, that he heard a knock on his door.

"Hello, Hunt."

"Hello, Drake, I presume you know that the Navy rows against Pennsylvania next Saturday?"

"Yes."

"Well, I want you to pull number seven on the Varsity, next Saturday."

"You don't mean it, Hunt?"

"Yes, I do."

The two boys shook hands, and Hunt passed on down the hall.

Placing Drake on the first crew at this station, shifted another fellow from the first to the second place. Williams, being the discharged one, planned his revenge.

About midnight, on the day previous to the big race, if anyone had been watching, they could have followed the form of a man from

the window of a study room to the interior of the gymnasium building. Taking an oar from the rack, he plied a very small saw upon the middle of it. On completing this portion of the operation, he filled the crevice with putty, sandpapered it and then varnished it over.

On the following day, the men took their places in the shells; the pistol cracked, and the race began. The Navy got the lead and kept it until they reached the flag which marked half of the distance between the start and the finish. "Pennsy" now took the lead, but it was with a hard pull. When the flag marking three fourths of the distance was reached, the noses of the two boats were together. The voice of the Navy pilot sounded clear across the bay.

"Double stroke."

Drake's back bent at the command and started to straighten—Snap. Robert sat in a sorry plight, but not idle. A few seconds later he leaped from the boat; it was the only thing for him to do at this stage of affairs, for he was nothing but an extra burden.

Half an hour later, while in the "gym," he received the news that the Navy had won by a small margin.

When the oar was examined, the dirty work of the previous night was discovered. Hunt suspected Williams and he was brought before the Commandant, who found him guilty.

## California

Henry Slover, '15

Between the seas and the deserts,  
Between the wastes and the waves,  
Between the sands of buried lands,  
And ocean's coral caves.

It lies where God hath spread it,  
In the gladness of His eyes,  
Like a flame of jeweled tapestry,  
Beneath His shining skies.

With the green of woven meadows,  
And the hills in golden chain,  
The light of leaping rivers,  
And the flash of poppled plains.

Days dawn that gleam in glory,  
Days die with sunset's breeze,  
While from Cathay that was of old  
Sail countless Argosies.

Sun and dews that kiss it,  
Balmy winds that blow,  
The stars in clustered diadems  
Upon its peaks of snow.

The mighty mountains o'er it,  
Below, the white seas swirled,  
Just California stretching down  
The middle of the world.



## *The Modern Pegasus*

Two boys had been expelled from school,  
Because they broke the teachers' rule.  
Down through the quiet town they strode,  
Until they came to the rail-road.  
Jack was the older of the two,  
And loved adventure through and through.  
An engine stood upon the track,  
A daring crew, her only lack.  
"For me this town is much too tame;  
Let's ride the engine, are you game?  
There's no one here to tell us nay,  
So let us bravely speed away.  
Help me load on these kegs of oil,  
And we'll soon make the water boil."  
Up to the cab each boy now leaps,  
And down the track the engine creeps.  
Quickly young Jack applies the power  
'Till they reach fifty miles an hour.  
The sparks fly from beneath the wheels,  
As from Pegasus's flying heels.  
But shortly he increased the speed  
To one more worthy of his steed.  
Around the Deadman's bend they flew.  
How they kept the track, I never knew.  
But there they stayed, and on they went,  
As though by Satan they were sent.  
Soon they had topped the first high ridge  
And rushed down on the Highland bridge.  
But the old bridge had been destroyed,  
And now before them all was void.  
With shaking hand Jack 'plied the brake,  
He knew their lives were now at stake.  
But naught could stop in that short space,  
If it were going at their fast pace.  
Then in the canyon wide and deep,  
The engine made a flying leap.  
With one last jerk Jack rang the bell,  
And truly 'twas a fitting knell:  
For hearts like theirs, that know no fear,  
An end like this is always near.  
You see they're made from the same mould  
As the adventurers of old.

PHILLIP KNIGHT, '16.



# The Ypsi-Sem

This paper is published monthly by the pupils of the Ypsilanti High School at Ypsilanti, Michigan, the board of editors being chosen by the faculty.

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## EDITORIAL STAFF

Edward McRay.....Editor-in-Chief  
Florence Matthews.....Literary Editor  
Philip Boyce.....Associate Literary Editor  
Ruth Cleary.....Joke and Exchange Editor  
Willis Bellows.....Athletic Editor  
Nat Hopkins.....Art Editor

## MANAGERS

Lamar Kishlar.....Business Manager  
Lawrence Brown.....Advertising Manager  
Stanton D'Ooge.....Circulation Manager

## Editorials

A few weeks ago a number of boys met in Mr. Hull's room to discuss the proposition of a House of Representatives. After a few moments discussion it was decided to carry out the proposition. Accordingly a meeting was called. Orlo Robinson was elected president pro tem, Ralph Voohees secretary and a committee was appointed to make the constitution. The business was carried on in a very orderly and official-like manner and the prospects for this organization are very bright.

All progressive schools of Michigan have a House of Representatives and it is hoped that this movement will be vigorously supported by all the boys of Y. H. S. It is a very worthy and

helpful movement for, discussions, debates, and numerous other literary projects will be carried on and in this manner we can receive any amount of valuable training. So let us all lay aside the hammer and instead of being knockers and keeping all high school enterprises down let us turn out and boost for awhile. It will create better school spirit and in the end we will profit by it.

:o:

The holidays are over and work has now begun in earnest, for examination week is here. How we dread it and how we wish we had worked harder at the beginning of the year. But as we look back and think of the time we have wasted and we see now how well we might have used that time, it becomes more and more evident to us that time once lost can never be regained. Yet we who are compelled to take the exams, either on account of our department or class standing, will receive a good deal of benefit from it. For when we enter college we will be required to take all exams and the training which we receive here will be of great aid to us in organizing our work then. So let us not take these exams as such a terrible thing after all.

It is necessary to take them, do so with a will and get all the good possible out of them.

:o:

Remember the Ypsi-Dixit, High School Annual, also remember that it requires the support of the students and that all contributions are greatly appreciated by the staff.

The price of the Dixit will be the same as last year, seventy-five cents. The staff is endeavoring to make this issue the best yet. To do this will require considerable work and also the unanimous support of the school.

:o:

We have received some new exchanges this last month which we are very glad to have. "The Mirror," Lima High School is a very good paper. The jokes were especially good. "The Sotoyoman" is a paper worth reading. "The Gondolier," Venice, Cal., though an excellent exchange, could be improved by a few stories. "The Eastern" is very interesting. "The College Chronicle" really needs more jokes to keep things lively. We are always glad to receive "The X-Ray" and "Messenger." Among our other exchanges are "The Tatler," "The Pliad," "The Owl," "The Phoenix."



## Alumni Notes

Walter James is in the railroad business and is located at Watsonville, California.

Mrs. W. C. Crosby, nee Miss Ruth Densmore, is at home in Chicago, Ill.

Ed. Pierce of Lima, Ohio, visited old friends in Ypsilanti last summer. Mr. Pierce formerly lived on South Washington street and worked in the American Express Office where his father M. A. Pierce, was the agent.

Ray Fletcher, who has been working for some time at the Peninsular Paper Mill, has now taken a position with C. S. Wortley & Co.

Charlotte Gorton and Gladys Lathers are at Datona Beach, Florida, for the winter.

Raymond Miller, of Wilmerding, Pa., spent Christmas with Mrs. Miller, who has been visiting for a short time at the home of her mother, Mrs. George, of River street. Mr. and Mrs. Miller are Ypsilanti high school alumni. Mr. Miller has a responsible position with the Westinghouse Co. as expert tester. He graduated from the electrical engineering department of the U. of M. two or three years ago, and has just completed a tour of the large cities of the west. After Christmas he went, in the interest of his company, to Atlantic City to make responsible tests for air brakes for the railroads.

Many alumni will remember with pride a former resident of Ypsilanti, now Ex-Judge Thomas Burke of Seattle, who worked his way through high school doing "odd jobs." Later he graduated from the U. of M. and was known as the "Irish orator." His strides, both financially and politically, should be a source of inspiration to every young man. He is known to be the richest man in Seattle and has property estimated at six million dollars. He has recently retired as attorney for the Great Northern railroad and was for several years supreme judge. Last summer he returned to Seattle from a trip around the world and about three years ago he made a similar trip in the interests of the Yukon-Alaskan-Pacific Expedition.

Michigan is splendidly represented in this great city of the west. The Michigan club is

a prominent organization made up of U. of M. alumni and former Michigan residents. Lyman Woolfolk, a nephew of A. R. Graves, is a member. He is first assistant cashier of the American and Scandinavian bank on a salary of \$350 per month. He has a beautiful home across the sound, a yacht, touring car, etc. Mr. Woolfolk, in his early days, taught in the stone school house on the Ypsilanti-Ann Arbor road.

The following is from a letter written by Miss Alice Brown, twenty years after her graduation from Y. H. S., and will be read with interest by members of the class of 1889: My memory was ever my long suit, and reminiscences come crowding in upon me, and my mind goes slipping again

"By green back-ways forgotten,  
To a stiller circle of time,  
Where violets, faded forever,  
Seemed blooming, as once in their prime."

What a class we were! We never doubted that we were the people and that wisdom would die with us. Later, no doubt, we all realized our error and found our happiness in adjusting ourselves to our own small place in the scheme of life.

And now, though twenty years have passed do you think, classmates, that we are drifting into the "sere and yellow?" Do you feel old and that it is nearing time for us to be "oslerized?" Don't I like to think of the coming years as the poet put it when he painted the well-rounded life in "Rabbi Ben Ezra" whose generous appeal I quote:

"Grow old along with me!  
The best is yet to be.  
The last of life for which the first was made.  
Our times are in his hand  
Who saith, 'A whole I planned,  
Youth shows but half. Trust God,  
See all, nor be afraid.'"

Emerson Moore, '10, is in the employ of a large jewelry firm in Los Angeles, Cal., and has recently become a registered optometrist and ophthalmist. Mr. Moore pursued special studies in this field while engaged as head of the watch department of the above named firm.

Of all sad words of tongue or pen,  
The saddest are these "be in at ten."

"Hello, old man; how do you find business?"  
"How? By judicious advertising of course."



# A T H L E T I C S

The football season of 1912 has been closed for some time now and with the advent of such mild weather, in the middle of January, our thoughts naturally turn to baseball practise.

But it is a little too early for that yet. But, again, it is not too early to start a schedule, get necessary things ordered and begin to plan for the coming season. Surely it is not too early to elect the captain and manager, not only of the baseball team but of the football squad, as well, for the coming year. Since all of these preparations take a good deal of time and thought, it is high time that some one started something. At this early date a good schedule could be made up, games at home or abroad could be obtained on any date that was desired. But if this matter drags along and the schedule started too late, great trouble is sure to be encountered. And then please, what is it, unless it is a good schedule, that brings the fellows out for practise and the school out to support the team.

In the meantime—now that football is dead and buried for this past year—it is time to get to work with the hockey team. These sunshiny, warm days are surely discouraging to all skaters, but if we are to have a hockey team this year, it is time the fellows began to get to work. The ice is sometimes soft and slushy but winter will not stay forever.

Another vital question that should be answered right now is whether, or not, there is to be a track team representing the high school this year. There is a great deal of good material in the school this year. There are several fellows in the school, who have not been beaten in these parts, at the 100 and 220 yard dashes. Then, again, there are some stars when it comes to the broad jumps, the work with the weights and the pole vault, who ought to be given a chance; while distance runners are thick in the school. Everything looks favorable. Why not set some one behind the idea and start something in the "Track" line. Surely a meet at home, and maybe one abroad, could be staged if handled correctly. Even an inter-class affair would draw a good crowd if handled "a la Quillan."

In looking over the prospects for the coming season of baseball, several things have been found that have raised quite a good deal of inquiry. There is not the least doubt that there will be a team for there are a few men—as many as fifteen, too—who are real shining lights at fielding, batting and pitching. But where are they to play when at home, and just who are they to play abroad? Prospect Park always was an unhandy, as well as too small, place to play a game. The trees are especially bothersome and have won and lost many a game for the high school teams, where else can they play? Will the school be able to lease Rhinehart's field for practise and for games? Is it any too early to start?

At 3:15 p. m. a meeting was called in Room B, January 21, 1913, for the purpose of electing captains and managers of the football, baseball and track teams of the coming season.

Proctor, Sherzer, and Richards were nominated for the captaincy of the football squad of '13. The motion, that only football players of the '12 team be allowed to vote for the captain, was made, seconded and carried. The result of the vote was Proctor, 6; Sherzer, 5; Richards, 3. Proctor being elected.

Nominations for manager of '13 football team were next received. Sherzer, Thayer and Richards were nominated. Result of the vote was Richards, 15; Sherzer, 12 and Thayer, 8.

Again it was decided that only members of last year's baseball team be allowed to vote for this year's captain. Finally Russell Seymour was elected.

Next on the program came the nominations for baseball manager. Gaudy, Robinson, Beyer and Bellows were nominated. The result of the vote was as follows: Robinson, 13; Bellows, 12; Gaudy, 9; Beyer, 3. Robinson being elected, since no majority but only a large vote being necessary to elect.

Again O. Robinson, along with Thayer and Minor, were nominated for manager of the track team. Robinson is on to the managing job, all right, and every one knew it or at least the vote gave Robinson, 12; Thayer, 8; Minor, 6.

Meeting was adjourned at 4:10 p. m.



## School News

The Y. W. C.A. gave a reception for the girls of the high school at Starkweather Hall, Friday evening, the sixth. A short program was given after which games were played and light refreshments served.

Myrtle Fay sprained her wrist December nineteenth.

Claude Beadle has stopped school.

Ed. McRay was ill the eighteenth and nineteenth of December and because of this could not speak at the banquet.

Doris James has returned to school after an absence of two months.

A meeting was held to organize a House of Representatives among the fellows of the high school. There was about fifty present and, after a short speech by Mr. Hull, a temporary chairman and secretary were elected. Orlo Robinson was chosen chairman and Ralph Voorhees secretary. It was decided to have the chairman appoint a committee of four to act with himself to draw up a constitution. The meeting then adjourned until Thursday, the twenty-third.

Miss Cooper was absent from her classes the first week of January and Miss Sherzer taught instead.

Henry Gilmore was absent from our midst, the sixth and seventh, on account of serious illness, but he recovered sufficiently to return Wednesday, the eighth.

Quay Beyer visited Ohio during the holidays and did not return until the eighth.

Dorothy Colvan taught the Ancient History classes, Tuesday, the fourteenth, in the absence of Miss Roberts.

The Y. M. C. A. met Wednesday, the eighth in Room A, and were called to order at seventy-three by President Bellows with about fifteen present. The report of the constitution committee was received and the constitution read, a motion was made to admit other than high school students but was defeated, and the constitution adopted as it stood. The proposed plan of a Y. M. C. A. room was introduced by the president, who also mentioned a minstrel show. It was decided to frame the picture of the Grand Rapids convention and to leave it to the executive committee to push the minstrel show.

Prof. Ross spent the holidays in New York.

About ninety of the students and faculty attended the banquet at the Masonic Temple held by the athletic association for the football squad, and all join in praise of the manner in which it was carried out. Mr. Quirk was the honorary guest, and represented the Board of Education. Mr. Hull was toastmaster and the program of toasts was: Miss Hardy, "High School Football;" Lamar Kishlar, "On the Sidelines;" Gertrude Schultes, "Our Heroes;" Jerome Sherzer, "Hold that Line!" Edith Webb, "When the Whistle Blows;" Orlo Robinson, "The Last Down." Mr. Quirk's subject was "The Referee," and he expressed his interest in athletics urging all to take part, not only for the school's sake, but for their own development and welfare. After the toasts Miss Murphy favored the assemblage with a solo.

Mr. Hull called for speeches upon several of the Senior boys on the team and a feeling of regret at having fought their last gridiron battles for Ypsi High seemed to prevail among them. Miss Helen Hayward rendered a piano solo at this point and the presentation of the Y's to the thirteen who had played in a majority of the games followed. Those receiving the distinction were: Willis Bellows, Edward McKay, Jennings Campbell, Orlo Robinson, Forest Tefft, Eugene Minor, Ralph Voorhees, William Proctor, Algernon Richards, Albert Thayer, Alvin Maubetsch, Jerome Sherzer, and Benjamin Eddy. Mr. Hull's toast, "The Game is Over," concluded the evening. The diningroom was illuminated only by the electric signs representing the four classes, and banners and bunting completed the decorations. The Eastern Star ladies presided in the kitchen most efficiently.

The next meeting was held in the library Thursday evening, the sixteenth, with twenty present. Mr. Reed gave a talk which was of great value to all present. He told some experiences of his beginning in life and said that it was a very good thing to have an ideal to strive for. He gave them some very good advice, which it was well to heed as it came from one who had had experience. After a short business session they adjourned.

Miss Murphy did not meet her music classes the first week of January on account of the illness of her mother.



# JOKES



Two negroes were going hunting, and as they walked along they came to a hole. One said to the other, "Now you stay jest whar you 'ere and I'll go in and see what I can find and when that 'er bear comes, hollar."

Soon Mr. Bear comes along and starts into the hole, then the other negro grabs his tail and hangs on.

From inside—"Hey darkie, what's darknen dis 'ere hole?"

"If dis 'ere tail breaks you'll know what's a darknenen dat hole."

—:o:—

Teacher:—"If I had fifteen cents and threw ten of them in the river, how many cents would I have?"

Tommy—"Why, teacher, you wouldn't have any cents (sense)."

—:o:—

Miss H:—"What faculty makes a dry and juiceless age of English Literature?"

U. M.:—"The faculty of Y. H. S."

—:o:—

The ones who think our jokes are poor,  
Would straightway change their views,  
Could they compare the ones we print,  
With those that we refuse.

—:o:—

Miss Rodgers (inzology)—"No living bird has teeth."

C. Cannon:—"Au, Miss Rodgers, Day Bird has teeth, therefore he must be dead."

Mr. Will:—"I threw her a kiss today."

Gimlet Beyer:—"What did she say?"

Mr. Will:—"She said I wasn't much of a business man if I couldn't establish a delivery system."

—:o:—

Campbell:—"What is that lump on your head?"

Cinthy:—"That's where a thought struck me."

—:o:—

Little John took chemistry,

Took it hard, poor lad!

And he started tasting things—

(This tale is very sad.)

Alas, poor little Johnny;

Our Johnny is no more.

For what he thought was H<sub>2</sub>O

Was H<sub>2</sub>SO<sub>4</sub>.

—:o:—

LOST—In one of the Freshman rooms, an umbrella, belonging to a boy, with a bent rib and a bone handle.

—:o:—

Woman's faults are many,

Men have only two;

Everything they say,

And everything they do.

—:o:—

"Why, man, my sister is a Dutchess."

"How's that?"

"She married a Dutchman."



Miss.—“Frank, why is a clock very modest?”

F. W.—“I don't know, why?”

Miss H.—“Because it keeps its hands before its face and runs itself down, and that is what I want you to do.”

—:o:—

Did you eat a class roll?

No, but I had a turn-over in bed this morning.

—:o:—

“Young man,” said a father of a bright boy, “this school report of yours is not very satisfactory. I don't like it.”

Small boy:—“I told teacher I didn't think you would like it, but she was too contrary to change it.”

—:o:—

Mr. Robinson and a friend were sitting in Grand Rapids Depot when a very nice looking young lady entered. Mr. Robinson immediately lifted his cap, but when questioned as to whether he knew her or not he replied, “No.”

Friend:—“But why did you speak to her?”

Mr. R.—“Oh, my brother knows her, and this is his cap.”

—:o:—

Wife:—“If I should die, what would you do?”

Husband:—“Why! I should go nearly crazy of course.”

Wife:—“Would you marry again?”

Husband:—“No! don't fear, I wouldn't be that crazy.”

—:o:—

The drawing teacher said to draw a picture of what you wanted to be when you were grown up, but Zilpha didn't draw anything.

“Why Zilpha don't you want to be anything when you grow up?”

“Yes, I want to get married but I don't know how to draw it.”

—:o:—

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A Man with Troubles of His Own—(Gertrude)

An American Beauty—Zilpha.

A Dictionary on Other People's Affairs—?

A Rising Debater—O. Robinson.

Helen:—“You have a new suit, haven't you?”

“How observing you are,” he beamed.

Helen:—“The tag is still on your coat-sleeve.”

Miss Rogers (explaining reflection of rainbow in physgeog.)—“You see, Mr. Stevens, the reflection is the same as the original rainbow only up side down. This brings the red on top.”

Steve (placing hand to his head)—“Oh, I've got it!”

—:o:—

Many of the members of Ypsi High, and several faculty members enjoyed a good time on the hill the other night. Just as Miss Rodgers and Miss Hoffman were coming up the hill with the crowd, the town clock struck ten

Boys:—“I suppose you can't go down again.”

Miss H. and Miss R.:—“Why not?”

Boys:—“Why, because all Normal girls have to be in by ten o'clock.”

—:o:—

Miss H.—(English II)—“What influence had Lowell's wife upon his work?”

F. F.—“She had the thoughts, and he put them in shape and wrote them.”

—:o:—

“Can you tell me, my boy,” said the intelligent instructor, according to a writer in the Baltimore American, “why the race is not always to the swift?” “Yes'm,” said the small boy, promptly. “It's because sometimes their tires bust.”

—:o:—

Miss Horrigan (in Eng. IV)—“What is a deputy?”

Orlo R.—“It's a helper or assistant.”

Stub C.—“Gee! You ought to have seen the police force I had in that last English test.”

—:o:—

An Irishman was sitting in a depot smoking when a woman came, and sitting down beside him, remarked:

“If you were a gentleman you would not smoke here.”

“Mum,” he said, “if ye wuz a lady ye'd sit farther away.”

Pretty soon the woman burst out again:

“If you were my husband I'd give you poi-son.”

“Well, mum,” returned the Irishman, as he puffed away at his pipe, “If you wuz me wife I'd take it.”



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